

Home Reading.

The Song of Growth.

[FOR THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.]

There is a murmur all the world around—
Put down your head and listen!
A voice of growth, as corn and grasses sound
When May dew dews them.
If rises up a strange, weird undertone,
And discords sometimes mar it,
As a sob, and there a martyr's groan
Breaks through the joy.
Yet 'tis the voice of growth, the untitled yearning
For lives of wealth and fulness,
For time and ways to find the wells of learning
And drink their coolness.
Can't hear the fellers falling one by one,
As scold growls, and stranger,
No shakies ever forged beneath the sun
Can hold them longer.
For centuries the world lay 'neath a drouth—
A sun from brazen heaven
Reached down and smote upon the mouth
From north till even.
Ah! how it burnt, that Sun of Tyranny!
And how it scorched and blackened
And parched the life from human liberty,
Nor once it slackened.
For full a thousand years; but ah! one day
God's long-stored anger
Shook out its cloudy plumes, and struck dismay
And wild-eyed wonder
Among the hosts of bound and stark
Beneath the hoof of iron;
(God's lightning flash alone can pierce the dark
Which such a savage, weird undertone,
And angry clouds tore a ragged path
For blessed rain of heaven—
The letter rain, that freedom nursed, and faith,
And wrought the life from human liberty,
Bursting old shells of laws and husks of forms
That human reason stifled,
And freedom, gathering grandeur from the storms,
Lies no more rife.
Of chance to spread its mighty arms and grow.
Old hills and dominions
Shall see God's image no more bowing low
Before the tyrant's power.
We cannot stay the incoming tide of song;
Its notes break all about us,
And what though we stand still and dumb, go on
It must, without us.

—Mrs. S. D. Bingham.

Way-side Notes of a New England Traveller.

To The Bloomfield Citizen:

A trip to New England is in the nature of the case a somewhat trite and commonplace affair. Most people have at some time or other been over the ground, and taken their bearings. Yet the ebb and flow of the tide of humanity is constantly changing the landscape, and it is itself a source of curiosity and wonder. So we shall only try to touch here and there what may possibly be new or interesting to your readers.

So pleasant a journey we have not made in many years. The recent rains have done wonders for the fields, and the corn and potatoes bring delight to the eye, while the busy life of the country is a source of interest. We had heard of churches founded upon stocks and rum, and racing horses—but upon nothing better. New Haven is dull, as it should be, with school out and the boys at home. Slight repairs are going on at the college buildings, but no new ones are in the course of erection. The Malles, who figured in the murder trial a short time ago, are closing out—whether for over Sunday or for good I am unable to say. Through a mistake I landed at Providence instead of New Haven, and took the route down the bay for the latter place. A neat little excursion ground has been opened at Rocky Point, midway between the two places, at which all the boats stop—children's swings, music, dancing, and baked clams are the attractions. At Newport, some fine cottages have been erected during the past year, they tell stories of fabulous prices received for land recently sold here. A plot of ground of about three acres, which forty years ago rented for \$800, was sold some ten years ago to James Gordon Bennett for \$35,000, and now resold for \$75,000. The New York and Providence Yacht Clubs were preparing for a race on Monday, Aug. 6; 50 yachts and 100 schooners and sloops lay in the harbor awaiting the contest. Two cups valued respectively \$1,000 and \$500 were the rewards of victory.

Stopping at Boston, we spent an afternoon at Cambridge admiring the thrifty way in which Harvard is preparing for the future scions of Boston culture. The foundations of two new buildings have been recently laid—one to supply class-rooms for the law school, the other an appendage to the school of art. We have recently visited Yale, Princeton, and Harvard, and were reminded as we looked at the old and the new buildings of the sudden and surprising growth of each since the war. The old buildings are in striking contrast to the new, both in size and beauty. As a contribution to the Sunday problem, let me observe that Boston provides music by the City Band in the Park on Sunday afternoon, and also opens her fine new art museum free to the public on that day. It goes without saying that both are liberally patronized.

Mr. D. L. Moody is still at his old work. On Sunday evening he addressed the young men of Boston on "Sowing and Reaping" in the Academy of Music. He has not lost any of his old power, but held an audience of at least 3,000 for an hour, after which an inquiry meeting was held, at which fully three-fourths of his audience remained.

Many rose to confess Christ, and there was some testimony to the power of the Gospel to touch hard hearts. In all his work tact and sound judgment are manifest. At Bunker Hill we noticed a new monument to Colonel William Prescott, designed by W. W. Story. It represents the patriot standing with sword in hand, with all the earnestness and patriotism of the early days of '76 written upon his face. Massachusetts has not been ungrateful to her many brave and gifted sons, whose statues are seen in many of the public parks and squares. New York might well imitate in this respect. The mother of heroes cannot afford to forget her brave sons.

In a future letter I hope to be able to say something of the mountains of New England.

Hans Visits Bloomfield.

MEISTER EDITOR: Mein name is Hans von Dunderbunke, all de vey von Sharny on de Rhine. I used to live in Bloomfield more as dirty years ago. I was gone away all dot long time to make some monish, unt now I come back to see the old place. Ven I was lif here before, eferepody's name vas Dodd, or Vard, or Paldwin, now there is eferey kind of names, shust like any other town. Ven I went away I rode off in a big Stage dot went to Newark about a couple of times eferey day, now there vas a railroad, mit cars full of beoples, unt a horse railroad dot runs in te gutter, to gif dem fast nags a chance to kill te babies and dogs vot haf no business to be on te highways. Dot ot hotel vas burned up. Maype some one will build another von dot dont depend so much altogether on te bar for a lift; one dot vill haf some accommodations for beoples dot is traveling. Dot ot academy vok make a good one, if dem Theology vellers could vind

another place. Last Sunday I went to de big church up at te top of de Green. I see he grows bigger all te time since I was gone away. I told you a story about dot church. Vonce upon a Sunday morning an old shentleman vas standing at te door, ven a deacon asked him if he should find him a seat. The old man said he had been a member of dot church about forty years, unt he rather guessed he could find de pew he had sat in all dot time so much. Dem beoples vasn't so soeible then as they are now. Vars is all them schools unt seminaries gone away to? I remember all dose gals vot used to march single file, two by two, eferey day for exercise. Te boys used to call them the cookies, unt would tie little notes on a string vot te girls would pull up in te windows (the notes, not te boys). I took a walk in te Cemetery, unt, oh, dear! vat lots of beoples is gone dead dot vas alive pnce. Blenty of them vas gone dead a long while, unt some only a leetle time. Dots de vay. Ve is dead in te morning unt alive at night. Ven I come away from te graveyard I met dot goot old shentleman vot cured my broken leg vonce unt forgot to sent te bill. Vot a lot of beoples he must haf gif pills to! Long life and eferey plesing to te grand old man!

Efereydings has changed since I vas gone, even te Green vas turned upside down—unt valls made across him to keep te poys off te grass. Dot vas right, but gif te poys some goot place to preakir their thumbs mit base-ball. Dot big building on te corner mit Liberty Street vas a nice house. Ven I see them port holes up near de top, I thought he vas built to protect dose Bloomfield veterans in war times, but I find it vas a Library Hall, vare beoples can see a performance vall going to a deatre. Dot vas a great pity dot poety Lake vas all dried up, vare te boys vas used to swim unt sail, unt skate. However, as Bloomfield has so many other nice sheets of vater, de old sheet of imbrofements everywhere, dot heases remoted, new ones built; blenty of churches, goot stores, goot roats, unt efereydings nice unt clean, unt I can say mit truth and shustice dot although I haf been all over te United States I haf not seen a prettier, neater little town as Bloomfield.

Sag zu Stadt Rath to haf all die loafers strated dot bies round te korners, unt foot mit gates unt signs at nacht.

HANS VON DUNDERBUNKE.

The Thoughtful Contributor.

"I want to write for your paper," said a solemn looking man, as he paused on the threshold of the editorial sanctum. "That's right," replied the editor, without looking up from his work, for it was publication day and there was a stern demand for copy that could not be denied. "When you write for it be particular and give your name and post office address distinctly."

"I will," said the solemn man, stepping in and taking a chair. "And don't forget to enclose the money. Some folks write for the paper and forget to put in any money. Then they complain because the paper doesn't come."

"Do you want money when a man writes for your paper?" asked the solemn man, as his face acquired an additional elongation.

"Of course. What d'ye think we print a paper for? Fun? Not much. If a man writes for the paper we suppose he wants it, and if he wants it he must pay for it."

"You don't understand," said the solemn man; "what I want is to write for your paper." "That's what you said before, and I told you how to do it," replied the editor, testily, swinging around in his chair, "but I can't see why you can't subscribe right here now, just as well as wait until you get home and then write for it. Though may be you haven't the necessary two dollars and fifteen cents with you. I respect your independence. You don't want to subscribe for a paper you are not prepared to pay for. That's right."

"But if I write for it—"

"If you write for it and enclose the money, it will be sent promptly. No fear of that. Subscribers will confer a favor on this office by reporting any carelessness or irregularity on the part of their postmaster in delivering the paper."

"I can put a great deal into a letter," insinuated the solemn man.

"Needn't put more than two dollars and fifteen cents in," said the editor, "unless you get up a club."

"I fear you don't comprehend me," said the man of solemn visage. "I want to write for your paper—write articles and correspondence you know, for a remuneration."

"Oh, that's it. Why didn't you say so before? Thought you wanted to subscribe. Seemed sort of curious too, that you couldn't write for my paper, but I suspected without coming in and telling me about it."

"You will like my letters."

"Can't say as to that. The most interesting letters the editors get, as a rule, are those short, pithy ones, which simply say, 'Enclosed please find subscription price to your valuable paper for one year. That outweighs a dozen pages of Reflections on the Dying Year,' or 'Thoughts on Discovering the First June Bug.' A great many people want to write for the paper, who have nothing half so interesting to say as that they find their subscription has about expired and here is the money for renewing it. That is neat and to the point, and no editor will throw the letter into the waste basket, without first taking out the money and crediting the subscriber on his account. Write for the paper, my friend, by all means, but don't forget the enclosure."

Then the solemn man went away more thoughtful than before.—Saturday Night.

NIGHT LIGHTS IN BEDROOMS.—The common practice of having night lights in bedrooms of children of well to do parents is deprecated by Dr. Robert H. Baker. He says that it has a most injurious effect upon the nervous system of the children. "Instead of the quiet rest the optic nerves should have, and which Nature provides for by the darkness of the night, these nerves are perpetually stimulated, and of course the brain and the rest of the nervous system suffer. Children thus brought up are excessively timid for years after upon going into the dark."—Medical Record.

A FRENCH experimenter with decapitated insects has discovered that many varieties live for a considerable time without their heads, and go running about as though they were hardly aware that anything is missing. C. Comandru, who is the Democratic party like an insect.—Harper's Weekly.

Ballots.

The Duke's Menu.

Oh! the dodo, the dodo, the beautiful dodo!
What vint is dainty enough for his food?
A lark's tongue or two
And a few drops of dew
Just enough to sustain
His remarkable brain,
And help him to languidly carry his cane.

We read in the Orange Monitor that "Jacob Haughman, aged sixty-five, of Conestoga township, Penn., met his death by falling from a ladder from which he was picking cherries." We have heard of ladders bearing cherry-pickers, but never before of one bearing cherries.

"Among patents recently granted to Jerseymen, was one for a movable jaw for stone-crushers." Now we cannot understand why a "movable jaw" should be the exclusive right of stone-crushers. Of course, if they crush the stone with their jaws, they need a more movable one than most people. But there is a question in our mind whether any patent jaw could be more movable than that of the average book agent and lightning-rod man.

An exchange says: "The full blooded Indians of Indian Territory make their bread of pounded cornmeal and beans, and flavor it with lye." Alas! there's many an interesting newspaper item flavored with the same thing.

Michael Higgins was tried in the Passaic County Court last week for striking his father with a dumb-bell. Severe case of son-stroke.

A contemporary calls the trade dollar, "The eagle, be-trayed dollar."

"Philip Comfort, a young man disappointed in love, committed suicide by swallowing a paper of pins."—Evening Telegram.

This item fills the editorial mind with wild conjecture. Did Comfort swallow each pin separately, or did he bolt the paper of pins in its entirety? We have to say, but in our opinion the pangs of disappointed love would not be half as sharp as this uncomfortable way of escaping them.

About this time Smith says to Jones, Brown, and Robinson, "Let's go blue fishing." A yacht is secured and they set off gallantly down the bay. Ten chances to one they are soon becalmed. Homesick, because seasick, they envy Capt. Kidd who "sailed and sailed and sailed," while they only rock in the cradle of the bay. If there is any port convenient (say Connetquot or Rockaway), they land and return home by rail too dispirited even to fish with a silver hook in Washington Market, and palm off the catch as a deep sea one.

A Latin proverb says, "Every one is nearest to himself." True of all but the onion eater.

How to Broil a Steak.

Now let us suppose a beefsteak to be cooked by radiant heat, with the least possible co-operation of convection.

To effect this, our source of heat must be a good radiator. Glowing solids are better radiators than ordinary gases, therefore coals, or charcoal, or ordinary coal, after its bituminous matter has done its flaming, should be used, and the steak or chop may be placed in front or above a surface of such glowing carbon. In ordinary domestic practice it is placed on a grill over the coals, and therefore I will consider this case first.

The object to be attained is to raise the juices of the meat throughout to about the temperature of 180 degrees Fahr. as quickly as possible, in order that the cookery may be completed before the water of these juices shall have had time to evaporate to any considerable extent; therefore the meat should be placed as near to the surface of the glowing carbon as possible. But the practical housewife will say that if placed within two or three inches, some of the fat will be melted and burn, and then the steak will be smoked.

Now, here we require a little more chemistry. There is smoking and smoking—smoking that produces a detestable flavor, and smoking that does no mischief at all, beyond appearing to do so. The flame of an ordinary coal fire is due to the distillation and combustion of tarry vapors. If such a flame strikes a comparatively cool surface like that of meat, it will condense and deposit thereon a film of crude coal tar and coal naphtha, most nauseous and rather mischievous; but, if the flame be that which is caused by the combustion of its own fat, the deposit on a mutton chop will be a little bit of oil, on a beefsteak a little beef-oil, more or less blackened by mutton-carbon or beef-carbon. But these oils and carbons have no other flavor than that of cooked mutton and cooked beef; therefore they are perfectly innocent, in spite of their guilty black appearances.—Popular Science Monthly.

The Chess Tournament.

The result of the recent chess tournament is noted by the Jewish Chronicle as a veritable triumph for Jewish chess players. Out of the fourteen engaged in the chief or "master" tournament, no less than six were Jews. And in the prize list the first prize was taken by Zukertort—and the second prize was likewise adjudged to another Jew—Steinitz. Besides these, another Jew—English—secured the fifth prize, and a fourth—Rosenthal—obtained the prize allotted to the competitor who made the best score against the prize winners. Out of the eight prizes given, no less than one-half were won by Jews. The very great number of players who take rank among the highest players, and the success of Zukertort and Steinitz clearly indicate that there must be something in the Jewish intellect peculiarly adapted to the game. The mathematical bent of mind, the patience, perseverance, and daring, and the peculiar quality known as long-headedness, are all properties of the Jewish nature, which are equally valuable for business and for chess. From the time of the Talmud, Jews have been pre-eminent at games similar to chess, and in modern times Jews have counted several of the best players for several generations.

How Sponges are Caught.

There is very little diving for sponges most of them being pulled from the rocks by means of a forked hook. The sponge when seen below the water looks like a black bunch. When a vessel arrives on the fishing ground it is anchored, and the men go out in small boats to look for sponges. If calm, they are easily seen on the white, sandy bottom; but if the wind blows, a "sea-glass" is used. The soft, soapy stuff brought to the surface is about as thick as jelly, and is spread on a straw

for five or six days until the sponge dries. The straw is a rough sort of frame made by sticking pieces of brush into the sand. The sponges are then beaten with small sticks, and after being thoroughly washed are ready for market.

A Strange Funeral.

West Senora, a village twenty miles west of Dayton, O., was the scene two weeks ago of one of the most singular funerals on record. It was that of Dr. J. S. Ford, of Hagerstown, Ind. He was fifty-six years old, and his widow, his third wife, whom he married three years ago, twenty-one. He made a will, giving his estate \$20,000. He also left sums of \$200 and \$500 each to all the women who are now widows or widows whom he courted in his unmarried days. This required \$5,000. Notes outstanding on people who would be pushed to pay them he destroyed to the amount of \$5,000. The hired girl and all his wife's relatives were remembered in small sums. Two weeks before his death he employed and paid Rev. Mr. Shackelford of the Methodist Church \$25, and the Rev. Mr. Warrington of the Christian Church \$15, to officiate at his funeral. Immediately after this he sent for the railroad agent at Hagerstown, and chartered a train of three passenger and one baggage car to take his remains and 110 friends to his funeral at West Senora, O. He paid for this train \$1,000, and also sent cash to the hotel in West Senora for dinner for the entire funeral party. Not a detail in the funeral was forgotten, even to the floral tributes.

Anecdote of Com. Vanderbilt.

The Saratoga correspondent of the Boston Traveller relates that when old Cornelius Vanderbilt was, one summer day some years ago, sitting with his wife and daughter on the piazza of the hotel, a somewhat overdressed lady approached and claimed his acquaintance. The Commodore rose and talked affably with her, while his wife and daughter sniffed the air with scorn. "Father," said the young lady, "didn't you remember the vulgar Mrs. B—as the woman who used to sell poultry to us at home, promptly responded the old gentleman, promptly, 'I remember your mother when she used to sell root beer at three cents a glass over in Jersey, when I went up there from Staten Island peddling oysters out of my boat.' As this homely reply was heard by a group surrounding the family, there was no further attempt at aristocratic airs on the part of the ladies during that season.

Old Squire Dilson, the homeliest man in Nebraska, while out hunting lately, met a stranger, and, after glancing at him, levelled his rifle at his breast. "Why, you ain't-a-going to shoot me!" exclaimed the stranger. "Yes," said the Squire in a relentless tone, "I made a vow years ago that if I ever saw a homelier man than I am, I'd shoot him on the spot." "Oh, well, fire away!" cried the stranger; "if I'm homelier than you are, I don't want to live another minute." The Squire gave it up.

WHOEVER looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

MAN is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do, and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension.—Goethe.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

Knights of Honor.

EXCELSIOR LODGE No. 242.—Every Wednesday Evening of each month, in Corby Building, J. Banks Reford, Sec.

FRIENDSHIP LODGE (German).—1st and 3d Thursday Evenings of each month. Odd Fellows Hall, John Hermann, Secretary.

EASTERN STAR LODGE No. 570 (Knights and Ladies).—1st and 3d Friday Evenings of each month. Knights of Honor Hall, Mrs. Mary H. Raab, Cor. Sec.

F. and A. M.

BLOOMFIELD LODGE No. 40.—1st and 3d Tuesday Evenings of each month, in Corby Building, J. Banks Reford, Sec.

Odd Fellows.

OLYMPIC BRANCH LODGE No. 51.—Every Monday Evening, in Odd Fellows Hall, Glenwood Avenue, Wm. A. Akers, Sec.

G. A. R.

WM. S. PIERSON POST No. 58.—2d and 4th Tuesday Evenings of each month, in Unangst Hall.

TIME TABLES.

Carefully corrected up to date.

DEL. LACK & WESTERN RAILROAD.

Barclay and Christopher Street Ferries.

TO NEW YORK

Leave Montclair—6:00, 7:15, 8:30, 9:45, 11:00 a.m.; 12:30, 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:10, 6:37, 8:15, 9:45, 11:45, 12:30 p.m.

Leave Bloomfield—6:08, 7:19, 7:59, 8:51, 9:37, 11:05 a.m.; 12:35, 1:45, 3:45, 5:05, 6:15, 7:05, 8:30, 9:45, 11:10, 12:10 p.m.

Arrive Newark—6:23, 7:30, 8:10, 9:08, 10:08, 11:18 a.m.; 1:08, 1:28, 3:27, 4:17, 6:38, 7:38, 8:37, 10:08, 11:22, 12:22 p.m.

Arrive New York—6:30, 8:00, 9:40, 10:30, 11:50 a.m.; 1:40, 2:30, 4:30, 5:50, 7:10, 7:55, 9:10, 10:40, 11:55 p.m.

FROM NEW YORK.

Leave New York—6:30, 7:20, 8:30, 9:40, 10:40 a.m.; 12:40, 2:10, 3:40, 4:40, 5:30, 6:20, 7:10, 8:30, 10:30, 11:30 p.m.

Leave Newark—6:40, 7:22, 8:10, 9:06, 10:18, 11:32 a.m.; 1:22, 2:42, 4:12, 5:12, 6:32, 7:42, 8:42, 10:32, 11:32 p.m.

Arrive Bloomfield—6:51, 7:33, 8:21, 9:17, 10:24, 11:24 a.m.; 1:24, 2:25, 4:24, 5:24, 6:15, 7:05, 8:00, 9:11, 10:50, 11:50 p.m.

Arrive Montclair—6:58, 7:38, 8:26, 9:22, 10:29, 11:29 a.m.; 1:29, 3:00, 4:29, 5:29, 6:30, 7:10, 8:05, 9:19, 10:55, 11:55 p.m.

May 14, 1883.

NEW YORK AND GREENWOOD LAKE R.R.

Chambers and 3rd Street Ferries, New York.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave Upper Montclair—5:28, 6:57, 7:49, 8:48, 10:47 a.m.; 1:20, 4:45, 5:16, 6:50, 7:58 p.m.

Leave Montclair—5:38, 7:02, 7:55, 8:53, 10:52 a.m.; 1:34, 4:50, 5:29, 6:55, 7:03 p.m.

Leave Bloomfield—5:38, 7:02, 7:55, 8:57, 10:56 a.m.; 1:34, 4:50, 5:29, 6:55, 7:03 p.m.

Arrive New York—6:25, 7:50, 8:40, 9:40, 11:40 a.m.; 1:25, 4:40, 5:40, 7:55, 10:55 p.m.

Trains marked * will run Saturday nights only.

Sunday trains from Montclair at 8:04 a.m. and 7:00 p.m.

FROM NEW YORK.

Leave New York—6:00, 8:30, 12:00 a.m.; 3:40, 5:40, 6:20, 8:30 p.m.

Arrive Bloomfield—6:49, 9:21 a.m.; 12:42, 4:19, 5:21, 6:20, 7:55, 8:20 p.m.

Arrive Montclair—7:02, 9:25 a.m.; 12:49, 4:24, 5:29, 6:20, 7:11, 8:40 p.m.

Arrive Upper Montclair—7:06, 9:29 a.m.; 12:52, 4:28, 5:40, 7:45, 8:30 p.m.

Also a Saturday train from New York at 12 p.m., for the accommodation of theatre-goers, arriving at Montclair at 12:25 a.m.

Sunday trains from New York at 8:45 a.m. and 7:00 p.m.

As the light goes out with the exhaustion of the light, so fortune falls with the cessation of human endeavor.

A WORK prospers through endeavors, not through rows. The fawn runs not into the mouth of a sleeping lion.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.

The Mails will Close and Arrive at the Post Office in Bloomfield as follows:

By way of Newark & Bloomfield Railroad.
Close at 7 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.
Arrive at 8:30 A. M. and 5:30 P. M.

By way of New York & Greenwood Lake Railroad.
Close at 8:15 A. M. and 5:00 P. M.
Arrive at 9:30 A. M. and 5:30 P. M.

HORACE DODD, Postmaster.
Bloomfield, N. J., Feb. 13, 1883.

LEGAL NOTICE.

ESSEX COUNTY CIRCUIT COURT.—Between Mary A. Cuff, Complainant and Bridget Broderick et al., Defts.—One Bill, etc.

It appearing to the court that Thomas Broderick, the mortgagee in the bill of complaint in this cause mentioned & dead, and that Hannah Cusick and George Saunders are the only persons related to said Thomas Broderick of whom the complainant has been able to get any information, and that his other heirs or devisees, if any he have, are wholly unknown;

It is, on this sixteenth day of June, eighteen hundred and eighty-three, on motion of Cuff and Howell, of counsel with the complainant, ordered, that the unknown owners of all that certain tract of land of which Thomas Broderick, late of the Township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, and State of New Jersey, died seized, situate lying and being on the west side of the main street in the said Township of Bloomfield, bounded on the north by land of William Brookes, on the east by Walnut Street, on the south by land of Michael Owens, and on the west by lands of Frank Moran, do appear, plead, answer or demur to the complainant's bill on or before the thirtieth day of December next, or that, in default thereof, such decree be made against them as the court shall think equitable and just; and that the order shall within twenty days hereafter be published in THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN, a newspaper printed at Bloomfield in the State of New Jersey, and continued at least once a week to within ten days of the expiration of the time herein limited for pleading, answering or demurring; and that within the same time a copy thereof be sent by mail with the postage prepaid to the said Hannah Cusick and George Saunders, directed to their post office address, if the same can be ascertained.

DAVID A. DUPRE, Judge.

Public Sale of Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of a warrant issued by the Township Committee of the Township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex, and State of New Jersey, to make and continue a sale of lands, tenements, hereditaments, and real estate, in the said Township, in the year 1883, the undersigned, Charles H. Baker, for the said Township, will, on Thursday, the 30th day of September next, at the hour of 2 P. M., at his office in Library Hall in said township, sell the lands, tenements, hereditaments, and real estate hereunder described at public vendue, for the shortest term, not exceeding thirty years, for which any person or persons will agree to take the same, and pay such taxes, with the interest thereon, from the twentieth day of October, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty-one, together with all costs, fees, charges, and expenses.

76. Lyon, Wm. One house, 28 acres, part of the farm formerly belonging to Dr. S. C. Cuyler, the Van Winkle, lying on West side of Pat. Road.

14. Siger, Est. John M. One house, vov years N. J. C. Brokaw; E. 3d River; S. James E. Jones; W. Pat. Road.

126. Van Winkle, Hiram and J. C. Acres, N. J. C. Kierstead; E. Sam Brown; S. Mrs. McDowry; W. 3d River.

23. Cunniff, Louis. One house, Oakley Lane; E. Est. of W. S. Baldwin; S. W. Isaac H. Day.

240. Clark, Woodruff. One house, N. J. C. Nutting; E. Sam Benson; S. Mrs. William Benson; W. Old Road.

362. Kent, Aaron B. One house, N. J. C. Farrand; W. Bormory W. Wright.

375. McDowell, Chase. One house, N. J. C. Sherman; E. M. Bopple; S. Montclair R.R. W.

442. Beck, Albert H. One house, N. J. C. Beach Street; E. Is. C. Ward; S. Est. of J. F. Ward; W. Ed. Ward.

58. Kent, Chas. S. Coal yard, N. J. C. Newport; E. Morris Canal; S. Peloubet; Pelton & Co.; W. Spruce Street.

82. Wilde, Ed. S. One house, 18 acres, N. J. C. Sherman; E. Benson Street; S. Ridge wood Ave.; W. West Bellevue Ave.

813. Weeks, Est. Dr. Cyrus. One house, 34 acres